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### CONTENTS.

Agricultural.—Lock Ahead—Saving Seed Corn—  
A Monroe County Stock Farm—Cut-Worms—  
The Horse—Horse Breeding in France—Points  
of Practical Value in a Horse—Horse Gossips—  
The Farm—Michigan Live Stock Breeders—  
Manipulating Sheep for the Fall Fairs—Butter—  
Agricultural Items—  
The Poultry Yard—  
Horticultural.—West Michigan Fruit-Growers—  
How to Make a Good Baldwin Orchard—Straw-  
berry Notes—Horticultural Notes—  
Agriculture.—Beeswax—The Best Honey Plant—  
Agriculture.—Wheat—Corn and Oats—Dairy Pro-  
ducts—Wool—The British Grain Trade—Sheep  
and Wool Not a Stock Note—Wool Sales in  
the Interior—Michigan Merino Sheep-Breed-  
ers' Association, Official List of Transfers—To  
Milwaukee via Mackinaw—  
News Summary.—Michigan—General—  
Foreign—  
Poetry.—Would Be Willing—The Heated Term—  
Musical.—If Intensive American Children—  
A Russian Review—How Insects Breathe—  
Common-Sense View of the Cholera—  
Was to Write an Album—Tim Fagan's Col-  
lection—New Use for a Bull—The Trout—  
Spessie—A White Robin—A Rebel Friend—  
Bears of the Bog—The Whistling Tree—  
Artists in Every-Day Life—Varieties—Chaff—  
Veterinary.—Probably Spontaneous in a Three-  
Weeks Old Colt—Weak Ankles in a Colt—  
Commercial—

### Agricultural.

#### LOOKING AHEAD.

Every business enterprise depends, for its success, upon the well considered plans which are devised for the future. An attempt is always made to fortify every weak point—to consider all the emergencies that may arise, and to provide for a safe portage over or around every obstacle. Yet when all that human foresight can discover is foreseen, and considered, there is always a shadow of portending evil, which, like Banquo's ghost, "will not down."

In a measure, the farmer can arrange the outcome of his success. The preparation and condition of his soil in regard to fertility, is a very sure indication of the amount of crops he may reasonably expect. He can easily arrange to raise and fatten a certain number of hogs, sheep, or turn off in mutton a certain number of sheep, grow wheat, produce the hay, etc. etc., but the great element of uncertainty is the price at which he shall exchange these products for money. There is frequently a covert wish in the minds of men that some great upheaval among nations shall occur which shall make many poor, but some rich, trusting and taking the chances that they will be the fortunate ones to profit by disaster. And perhaps the plans of some may have already been laid to take advantage of such a crisis in a foreign land. A war that devastates a large area, transfers or transmits their calamities into success for the enterprises of some who are removed from the territory devastated. This in my opinion is a delusive expectation for American farmers. The world has become so shaken together, so unified by railroads, telegraphs, and civilization, that there is no longer much motive for war. Nations are too busy with their industries; business schemes cannot be laid aside to make way for war. If there are idle hands, there is better employment for them in the arts of peace.

Most farmers look for prosperity in an era of better prices for farm products—to \$1.50 wheat and corresponding prices for all other products of the farm. But that good time will probably never again appear. It indicates a shortage in the world's aggregate of supplies that is very improbable. A temporary scarcity of any particular necessity, instead of greatly enhancing its value, starts at once a volume of that commodity from some remote country, where an abundance is stored, and before the want really becomes pressing, the people are relieved by car loads or shiploads of the needed supply. Railroads and steamboats have made the prevalence of real famine and the misery associated with it impossible, so long as any purchasing power is left in the country. The speculator has in railroads and telegraph, ready and powerful instruments for the enterprise, and while any part of the world produces a surplus, if it is not so remote as to make the values equal, by the added cost of transportation, an importation of the needed article, merchandise or food, is sure to be presented on the market where a scarcity exists. The hope of the farmer in high prices on account of a scarcity, is for this reason a vain hope. The depressing competition of India and Russian wheat on the English and other European markets is a striking illustration of this equalizing of food products. The new market for the East India farmer's products, opened by shorter and more economical lines of transportation, helps him, while the American farmer suffers to the extent of this competition. The India farmer rejoices in his ability now to provide himself with a new shirt as occasion requires, and the American farmer wears his old clothes another year, hoping in the meantime that the Indian and his Russian neighbor may be fighting instead of farming, so little regard have we for the question of "Who is my neighbor."

The Australian farmer gets a better price for his wool because of the reduced cost of transportation, and the facility

which that transportation furnishes for getting rid of his surplus. The Australian farmer in effect reaches over into our pockets, through the aid of the telegraph, and takes his added profit, and we can't just see the beauty of this balancing up.

The extension of quick communication over the whole globe has tended to make commercial products accessible to the largest possible circle of consumers. Manufacturers in their greed to become rich in the shortest possible time, have depended upon this rapid communication to sell goods rapidly, and the very corners of the earth have been filled with wondrous goods, and they still lay piled in the centers of trade to depress values still farther, and to embarrass the values for the new clip. Too much wool has been manufactured into clothing. Chicago's 43 establishments where clothing is manufactured, each hoped to sell all it could make, and they are now compelled to offer their goods at auction to realize on them. The merchant with cash can purchase ready made clothing at his own price almost, so great is the pressure to sell. Each importation only adds to the pile, and increases the embarrassment, and puts farther off the time when consumption shall overtake the production.

Every manufacturing enterprise has been stimulated by the facility for transporting both the raw material and manufactured goods which the railroads furnish. Where one condition is favorable, whether it is coal, ore, raw material or water power, the other things wanting can be easily supplied by means of the railway or steamboat lines. Thus have great industries developed themselves, and the remarkable economy of the division of labor has tended to cheapen every article produced. Every new principle or appliance shortly becomes known and common, and those who are backward in taking it up, suffer in the competition which their tardiness entails. We are not aware of the great changes evolving about us, until confronted with a new problem or exigency, which restricts our prosperity. Then we begin to look about for a way to escape. In the new order of things, it would seem that the farmer has been a passive element in the adjustment of profits. Cheap transportation has had a tendency to ruin him by the competition of cheap lands and cheaper labor. In the production of manufactured articles time has been shortened in almost every branch of business, but it will always take so many weeks or months to produce a bushel of grain. The debt which he contracted ten years ago to pay on his farm, takes just as many dollars to discharge as on the day he purchased, while competition has lessened his ability to pay. The outlook ahead for the amelioration of his condition is not in the increased price which he will receive for his products, but in the lesser values which he pays for every article which he purchases, in a lower rate of interest on what he owes. It is estimated that one hundred per cent must be added to the real cost of all manufactured articles, to place them in the hands of those who use them and pay for them. The expense of commercial travelers and agencies must come out of the pockets of productive labor, of which farming is the chief element. This money ought in some way to be left in the hands of those who earn it, to even up the rates between what is bought and what is sold. Farmers do not generally complain of the cost of articles; many things, and probably most articles, are sold below the values at which they were held a year ago, but prices are slow to change; co-operation keeps them steady and uniform from year to year, while co-operation and the division of labor constantly tend to diminish their cost. As I said before, the farmer, on whom the manufacturer chiefly depends to purchase his goods, must remain passive in the adjustment of values. He must sell at current rates, he can only steadily refuse to purchase at prices above a fair adjustment of rates between the price of his products, and the cost of articles which are intended for his use. His plow, now listed at twelve to fourteen dollars, must be bought for eight dollars, and his other agricultural tools at a corresponding reduction. He must clothe his family at a less expense and pay less for school books for his children. His taxes must be more equitably assessed, and the money more economically expended. These are the changes more likely to occur than a return to the days of higher prices.

It is said that the people of Kansas City and surrounding country are so certain of an advance in the price of wheat that they have bought from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 bu. of futures in the Chicago market. The wheat crop in that section of the country is said to be nearly a total failure.

A new upper peninsula enterprise is the establishment of a cattle ranch near Munising. The ranch covers about 1,500 acres of good pasture lands, and H. E. Warner, of Marquette, is at the head of the enterprise. Most of the cattle come from the lower peninsula. Four hundred head have already been turned out.

The several hundred acres that comprise the stock farm of Mr. J. M. Sterling are located one mile from the City of Monroe, and border on the river Raisin. The farm is very level, of rich soil, and with its pastures of marsh and native grasses makes a good home for the thoroughbred Holstein-Friesian cattle that are here bred to quite an extent. The herd now numbers about twenty head; the foundation was laid in 1883 by the purchase of the whole herd of Hon. Wm. L. Webster of East Saginaw; after which one half was sold to Mr. E. P. Campbell of Monroe. In the portion retained are the four year old females Seffinga 446, Wadman 447, Ripster 34 450, Akkemer 450, Sletake Truin 451, De Boer 455, Vander Zee 457, Antje Hertinga 458, Brownsma 34 459, all

of which were brought over by Mr. Webster in a combined importation. The bull at the head is Mell 184, imported by same party, and now three years old. The two year old Minos 218 was imported in dam. The yearling bull Pod 415 was bred on the farm, and got by Mell 184 out of De Boen 455, comes from a fine family and is very promising. The three year old female Pero 595 was imported in dam, and her first calf, dropped this spring, is a splendid calf. This herd, though not so large in number as some others, is as fine as any in Michigan, being very even in color and form, of good size and splendid milkers, several of the females recorded in the main registry having reached the record of 6,000 and 7,000 lbs for two and three years old. A daily record of their milk yield is kept, as also a monthly record of their gross weight. The young stock are remarkably good, as also the increase of the grade Jerseys, Ayrshire and native cows, which prove progeny of the sire Mell 184 for in every instance his color is stamped on them. In this crossing Mr. Sterling is doing a good work in impressing the stock in his vicinity, of which there is much need, for the farmers of this county have long been noted for their poor stock. His influence in this respect will prove to be of much advantage to them. He has also demonstrated that this type of cattle is not only heavy milkers but good butter producers, in fact "gilt edged." The conveniences for butter making are most admirable, and care and cleanliness the rule in this dairy.

Now, while I said, in answer to a question, that I had gathered seed from the hills and that probably it might assist in early maturing the crop, I had not practiced it extensively; but instead had, in drawing my corn, selected from the wagon while unloading such ears as pleased the eye, always those that were best filled out at both ends, and with clump butts, as I think from long experience that even corn can be improved in form, as well as stock, by judicious selections. Carrying the seed immediately to a seed crib in an upper room over my kitchen, for many years I spread it thinly on the floor as nearly over the stove as possible; but being troubled with mice I put four hooks in the ceiling and suspended my crib by wire a desirable height from the floor (about five feet). The crib I made by nailing boards eight inches wide together in box form, four feet wide and eight feet long, with narrow strips across the bottom, and as open as possible and hold the corn. Give the room a little ventilation when not too cold, to prevent sweating, and no matter if the corn is not entirely ripe you may rest assured of having good seed next year.

Work your corn ground thoroughly; don't be in too great haste to plant before your neighbor B. does; mark straight and even in width, and just before the corn is up cultivate thoroughly by the marking, and if you throw a little fresh earth over the hill all the better. Then as soon as the corn shows itself so you can follow the rows, work it crosswise, letting a man (or men) follow with a four tine (like fork tines) potato hook, drawing it right through the hill, and you will be surprised if you have never practiced it to see how you get the start of the weeds and grass and how much easier it will be to keep the ground clean afterwards.

Yours very respectfully,  
ISAAC TERRY.

#### A MONROE COUNTY STOCK FARM.

The several hundred acres that comprise the stock farm of Mr. J. M. Sterling are located one mile from the City of Monroe, and border on the river Raisin. The farm is very level, of rich soil, and with its pastures of marsh and native grasses makes a good home for the thoroughbred Holstein-Friesian cattle that are here bred to quite an extent. The herd now numbers about twenty head; the foundation was laid in 1883 by the purchase of the whole herd of Hon. Wm. L. Webster of East Saginaw; after which one half was sold to Mr. E. P. Campbell of Monroe. In the portion retained are the four year old females Seffinga 446, Wadman 447, Ripster 34 450, Akkemer 450, Sletake Truin 451, De Boer 455, Vander Zee 457, Antje Hertinga 458, Brownsma 34 459, all

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MADERE 3693 (424).  
[Recorded with pedigree in the Percheron Stud-Books of France and America.]  
A prize winner in France, and one of the six horses selected to be sketched by Rosa Bonheur. These six horses are the first of the many sketched by this famous artist, to be brought to this country. They were imported, with hundreds of others, in August, 1884, by M. W. Dunham, of Wayne, DuPage Co., Illinois.

#### SAVING SEED CORN.

DETER, June 30th, 1885.  
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.  
Seeing that our excellent Secretary of the Webster Farmers' Club has only partially given my method of saving seed corn and working the ground after planting, and as I have been quite successful, I think, never failing to have good seed (and I am in my sixties), I give it by your permission to the readers of the FARMER for what it is worth. I am surprised yearly by reading of so many failures with seed corn. This crop is of immense value to the farmer, and if we start out with poor seed it is not only very perplexing but unprofitable, and means empty cribs and lean stock generally.

Now, while I said, in answer to a question, that I had gathered seed from the hills and that probably it might assist in early maturing the crop, I had not practiced it extensively; but instead had, in drawing my corn, selected from the wagon while unloading such ears as pleased the eye, always those that were best filled out at both ends, and with clump butts, as I think from long experience that even corn can be improved in form, as well as stock, by judicious selections. Carrying the seed immediately to a seed crib in an upper room over my kitchen, for many years I spread it thinly on the floor as nearly over the stove as possible; but being troubled with mice I put four hooks in the ceiling and suspended my crib by wire a desirable height from the floor (about five feet). The crib I made by nailing boards eight inches wide together in box form, four feet wide and eight feet long, with narrow strips across the bottom, and as open as possible and hold the corn. Give the room a little ventilation when not too cold, to prevent sweating, and no matter if the corn is not entirely ripe you may rest assured of having good seed next year.

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#### HORTICULTURAL.

June Meeting of the Michigan State Horticultural Society at Frankfort, Benzie Co.—Report of the Proceedings—A Summary of the Discussions.  
The June meeting of the State Horticultural Society opened at Frankfort, Benzie Co., on Wednesday of last week, at 2 o'clock p. m.  
There were present President T. T. Lyon, Secretary Chas. W. Garfield and Treasurer S. M. Pearsall of the State Society, besides a number of the other members. The meeting was called to order by President C. F. Burroughs, of the Benzie County Horticultural Society, and Mr. Parker, of Frankfort, welcomed the delegates present from other parts of the State. He spoke of the pleasure it gave him to do this, and the magnitude and importance of the interests represented by them, the early history of the State Society, the aims of those who first founded it, and the great results accomplished since its formation. Its record was written in the 14 volumes of the transactions of the Society, which had been received with so much favor by those interested both in our own and sister States, as well as in foreign lands. He spoke of the work of the Society in classifying and dividing the State into districts, defining them according to their adaptability to fruit-growing and he and other members were able to confirm by experience the statements of the Society in placing at least a portion of Benzie County in the fruit-belt. The hardships encountered and want of experience of the early fruit growers were briefly referred to, and he closed by saying that while they might not be able to teach the visiting members of the State Society anything, they could at least welcome them to Frankfort, and hoped to make them feel that they were entirely welcome.

President Lyon, in reply, said he had made a visit to Benzie County some years ago, while on his return from the Grand Traverse country, his attention being attracted to it by the fine fruits which were grown in that vicinity, and he had now come to look over what the fruit men had been doing since. Some of the finest fruit that came under his observation was said to have been grown in this neighborhood. This was the case with exhibits made at State Fairs, and at the recent exhibition at New Orleans fruit grown in Benzie County had carried off a fair share of the premiums awarded. He hoped that they might all learn something at the meeting, and returned thanks for the welcome extended.

President Burroughs then turned the meeting over to President Lyon, who assumed the chair and opened the business of the meeting by calling for the first paper on the programme, "Insect Biography," by Clarence M. Weed. This paper dealt entirely with the common insect pests of the horticulturists, whose natural history has frequently been given in the FARMER. When the paper had been read, President Lyon said it was before the meeting for discussion, and Mr. Wilson of Benzie County, described an insect trap. It was made by filling a pan half full of molasses and water and leaving a light burning near it in the orchard during the night. He then asked for some information respecting a new species of curculio which had been stinging his pears, of which he gave a description.

Secretary Garfield said the insect was

the apple-grouser, and that it was very destructive in some parts of the State. It was a difficult matter to fight it successfully.  
Mr. Stearns, of Kalamazoo, then gave his experience with the grape-vine flea beetle, described recently in the FARMER by Prof. Cook. He had tried the Paris green and water mixture but found the only way to really check their ravages was to go around and gather them off the vines and destroy them. It did not take so long as might be thought. Had picked over his vines, and the effect was to nearly rid them of the insect.  
Mr. Fowler, editor of the Manistee Standard, spoke of slugs. He thought they were all of the same nature, whether on the rose, pear, cherry or other trees. He had tried many remedies, but nothing seemed to retard their ravages but Paris green and water. Generally had to give them a dose every year, but after that they did not bother him. Had tried the chicken remedy for the curculio with good results. His remedy for cut-worms was one recommended by Prof. Riley. It was to mix Paris green with plaster or flour, shake it over cabbage leaves, and then strew them over the ground where the worms were present. They would eat the cabbage leaves and fall victims to the poison. He had tried wrapping the stems of cabbage and tomato plants with paper reaching a little below the surface of the ground and extending a little above it. This seemed to stop them also.  
Secretary Garfield said a neighbor had tried this paper remedy and found it to work well with cut-worms, but a colony of potato bugs took shelter between the paper and plants and destroyed them all.  
President Lyon said he was not prepared to altogether accept the theory of Mr. Wm. Saunders in regard to the application of ashes, dust, etc., on the cherry slug. He thought such applications were effectual; but he also believed, as Mr. Saunders did, that Paris green was a certain remedy.  
Mr. Spicer of Frankfort, said he would confirm President Lyon's theory in regard to the application of ashes, etc., for the cherry slug. Had two hundred trees; used alum water first, and killed the slug and the trees also; next tried air-slaked lime. It answered splendidly. To make it successful the lime should be applied two or three times in a season.  
Mr. J. H. Voorheis of Frankfort, said he had tried ashes and they killed the slug.  
Mr. Burrows of Benzie County, used soap-suds, and they proved satisfactory with him.  
Mr. Parker of Frankfort, inquired how strong Paris green should be.  
Mr. Stearns of Kalamazoo, said that depended upon the party from whom the Paris green was bought. He had been using London purple as an insecticide in preference to Paris green, as it was more even in strength.  
Mr. Van Deman of Benzie County, said he had seen his neighbor apply Paris green to his plums and asked as to whether it would be safe to do so. In the discussion it was the general opinion that when applied to very young fruit there was no danger.  
Mr. Spicer said he had been fighting the curculio with everything he could think of that would drive them off his trees to those of his neighbor, who was breeding them and would take no preventive measures or attempt to destroy them.  
Mr. Stearns had had good results from an application of slaked lime mixed with

carbolic acid, on his peaches. It answered so well that his Alexanders gave him a full crop every year.  
Mr. Parkersaid he had used a teaspoonful of Paris green to a bucket of water, and it killed the trees. The leaves turned brown as if burned.  
Mr. A. Hubbell said he doubted the theory of Mr. Parker that it was the Paris green that had killed his plum trees. He had trees affected in the same way, but it was not caused by Paris green, as he had not used it. Thought it was leaf blight.  
Mr. Voorheis said he had seen Mr. Parker's trees after they had been sprayed, and noticed the dead leaves were in streaks. He thought the Paris green had caused the trouble.  
Mr. Farnum of Flint, asked for information in regard to the striped squash bug. The Secretary said he had found sulphur a perfect remedy. He mixed about one part of sulphur to six of sifted coal ashes, and applied it with his hand.  
Mr. Stearns spoke of the padded mallet as a method of jarring plum trees. Had spoiled a large number by using it. He now took a broken ten-penny nail and used the upper part of it to drive in the tree. A limb that has been sawn off and stood straight out was the best of all.  
A number of those present gave their methods. One used a board which he placed lengthwise of the trunk of the tree, to strike upon. It answered perfectly, and did not injure the tree.  
President Lyon said that care should be used in jarring a tree, as the young bark was very tender and susceptible or much injury.

Mr. Van Deman of Benzie County, wanted a remedy or a preventive for plums rotting on the tree.  
Mr. Sessions of Oceana Co., said he had investigated the rot in plums carefully, and believed if there were no curculio there would be no rot.  
Mr. Stearns said he had been troubled with the rot to some extent in his plums. He picked off the plums as soon as affected, and that had stopped the disease with him.  
President Lyon said rot was caused frequently by moisture lodging between the plums when very close together. The disease was fungoid in character, and of course when once started spread rapidly. The skin of the plum was tender, and when from any cause it became broken, was liable to be attacked by rot. The fruit stung by the curculio was in that condition, and so far it might be caused by that insect. But rot could be found where there was no curculio, and the disease could not be all charged to it.  
Mr. Sessions, of Ionia, was called upon to open a discussion upon the culture of the potato. He said he had not written a paper upon the subject, as he did not like to do so upon a subject he knew so little about. He could raise a crop of potatoes at a cost of 12 to 15 cents per bushel. He prepared the ground, and formerly planted early in May. Now, on account of the bug, he did not plant till June. He prepared the ground as for corn, marked it with a one-horse plow, three feet apart, then planted the seed, two pieces of cut seed together, and then threw the ground back upon them with the plow again, leaving the ground as rough as possible, with pieces of sod or such things left on the surface. He then harrowed the ground well, and when they came up harrowed or cultivated them again, so as to keep the ground perfectly clean and mellow. The old sods rotted and made a good mulch. He liked to have the ground as mellow as possible. For the bugs he used Paris green or London purple mixed with plaster, 100 pounds of the latter to one of the former. He planted his potatoes four or five inches deep. Last season he had 2,500 bushels from 12 acres of ground. In answer to a question he said he preferred cut seed, using good medium sized potatoes to cut. The larger ones he cut in four pieces, lengthwise, always placing his knife on the seed end and leaving eyes on each of the pieces. The smaller ones he only cut in two lengthwise. Always cut his seed himself, as he was then sure it was cut as he wanted it.

Mr. Stearns gave his experience with seed cut in different ways. He had received three pounds of the Early Rose when it was a new thing—some of the first which came into the State. He wanted to make it go as far as possible, and proposed cutting it so as to separate each eye and plant it. A friend asked him to divide the eyes in two and try that method. He did so with exactly one-half of the three pounds, using whole eyes of the other half. The result was he got 214 pounds from the single eyes, and 274 lbs. from the half eyes. They were grown alike in all respects.  
Mr. Van Amburg, of Frankfort, said he had grown potatoes for 25 years, and had tried the seed in various ways. He now cut his seed to leave only a single eye, and he believed it was best. Cut the potato so as to leave all the roots with the eye, leaving plenty of the potato to grow it with. He had used ashes with the best results. Had used them to the amount of 1,500 bushels to the acre. Applied them broadcast after the seed had been covered.  
Mr. Hubbell asked if it was best to use ashes alone or mixed with other fertilizers.

(Continued on eighth page.)

(Continued on eighth page.)











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P. B. BROMFIELD,  
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The Michigan Farmer  
STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, JUNE 30, 1885.

This Paper is entered at the Detroit Post-office as second class matter.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 78,884 bu., against 90,697 bu., the previous week and 21,263 bu. for corresponding week in 1884. Shipments for the week were 156,632 bu. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 508,985 bu., against 611,010 last week and 150,201 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. The visible supply of this grain on June 30 amounted to 5,906,297 bu. against 5,473,749 bu. the previous week, and 14,990,088 bu. at corresponding date in 1884. This shows a decrease from the amount in sight the previous week of 469,518 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending June 20 were 965,823 bu., against 389,347 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 4,538,953 bu. against 7,031,919 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1884.

Since Tuesday, when the dollar limit was reached on No. 1 white, the wheat market has been tending downwards. This tendency became more pronounced as the week progressed, and at the close on Saturday prices showed a decline of 2 1/2 cts. all around from the highest points reached. Yesterday this market opened active and excited over a report that the Russians had induced a border tribe to capture and sack an Afghanistan town, where they got large supplies of arms and treasure. This has proved to be true, and the result may prove serious. But dealers began to weaken in a short time, buyers held back, and at the close prices were below those of Saturday. Chicago advanced 1/4 cts., declined again, and at the close about spot and futures were selling at about Saturday's figures. No. 2 red closed at 98c, and No. 3 do. at 88c. Toledo closed quiet and steady with No. 2 red at 91c, and No. 2 soft at 97c. Liverpool was steady with a fair demand for foreign wheat.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from June 10 to June 29:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
June 10	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2	93 1/2
June 11	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2	93 1/2
June 12	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2	93 1/2
June 13	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2	93 1/2
June 14	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2	93 1/2
June 15	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2	93 1/2
June 16	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2	93 1/2
June 17	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2	93 1/2
June 18	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2	93 1/2
June 19	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2	93 1/2
June 20	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2	93 1/2
June 21	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2	93 1/2
June 22	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2	93 1/2
June 23	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2	93 1/2
June 24	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2	93 1/2
June 25	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2	93 1/2
June 26	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2	93 1/2
June 27	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2	93 1/2
June 28	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2	93 1/2
June 29	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2	93 1/2

The following statement gives the closing figures on No. 1 white each day of the past week for the various deals:

	July	Aug.	Sept.
Tuesday	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2
Wednesday	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2
Thursday	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2
Friday	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2
Saturday	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2
Sunday	99 1/2	97 1/2	95 1/2

For No. 2 red the closing prices for the various deals each day of the past week were as follows:

	July	Aug.	Sept.
Tuesday	91 1/2	89 1/2	87 1/2
Wednesday	91 1/2	89 1/2	87 1/2
Thursday	91 1/2	89 1/2	87 1/2
Friday	91 1/2	89 1/2	87 1/2
Saturday	91 1/2	89 1/2	87 1/2
Sunday	91 1/2	89 1/2	87 1/2

The printed report of the Agricultural Department, giving the condition of the various crops as shown by the June returns, is just out, and contains a few points concerning wheat not given in the synopsis furnished on the 10th inst. It is stated that the general average condition of 63 for winter wheat is the worst official showing since 1868. In 1881 it was 74, 75 in 1883, while in the great crop years of 1880 and 1882 it was 99 in June. From a close study of the returns it is certain that a large portion of the reduction of area is discounted in the returns of condition, yet in a few States it is evident that further allowance must be made for anticipated destruction of area by replanting. Future conditions or misconceptions of present appearances, or both together, are not likely to change the total wheat crop of the country more than 10,000,000 bushels above or below the estimate given of 360,000,000 bushels. Still, diasters prior to harvest or wet weather afterward might possibly make a greater reduction.

Mr. W. T. Chamberlain, Secretary of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, now estimates the probable outcome of the wheat crop of 1885 at 231 millions, a short- age of 18 1/2 millions as compared with the average crop of the past five years.

In the face of these reports, however, there has been a decided shrinkage of values the past week, which some attrib-

ute to the manipulations of holders, who suddenly sell out large amounts of futures held by them to force down prices, when they will again become large buyers. The "bears," however, talk of a further decline of 5c before values reach their normal position. In the face of all this, however, remain two great facts: first, that wheat is below its normal value; second, that the crop will be at least one third less in amount than in 1884. That, under such conditions, wheat can possibly be kept at a lower range of prices than is now ruling we do not believe. In fact higher values would seem nearly certain the whole of the coming crop year.

The foreign markets are quiet but steady. The fluctuations there are very light, and on the whole holders seem to be able to keep prices reasonably firm.

The imports of flour and wheat into the United Kingdom from August 25, 1884, to June 6, 1885, have been equal to 112,534,948 bushels of wheat. The farmers' deliveries of home grown wheat during the same period have been equal to 48,040,984 bu. of wheat, making the total supply in 41 weeks 160,575,933 bushels against 164,000,000 bushels estimated consumption during the same period, which is on the basis of 4,000,000 bushels per week for 41 weeks. The home wheat crop of 1884 was placed at about 72,000,000 bushels for consumption for food, which is placed annually at 208,000,000 to 212,000,000 bushels. The remainder of home crop may be 35,959,018 bu., and there is estimated to be on passage for the United Kingdom June 6, 33,752,000 bushels wheat and flour. There are already provided 307,276,949 bushels, leaving to be purchased in foreign countries and shipped in time for arrival and use in this crop season 4,723,032 bushels to 1,000,000 bushels of wheat and wheat flour to give a full yearly supply. The general estimate of the yearly consumption is 208,000,000 bu.

Quotations there are as follows:

Creamery, fancy	10 3/4
Creamery, choice	10 1/4
Creamery, fair	10 1/8
Creamery, good	10 1/4
Creamery, ordinary	10 1/8
State half-drawn tubs and pails, choice	10 1/4
State half-drawn tubs and pails, fair	10 1/8
State half-drawn tubs and pails, ordinary	10 1/4
State half-drawn tubs and pails, good	10 1/8
State half-drawn tubs and pails, extra	10 1/4
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State half-drawn tubs and pails, extra	10 1/4
State half-drawn tubs and pails, best	10 1/8
State half-drawn tubs and pails, prime	10 1/4



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**W. F. FRAZER**, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of thoroughbred Cheateers. Stock for sale. Correspondence promptly answered. 67-13

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a Percheron, and two other Percherons,  
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Have always on sale and receive regular  
shipments of Percherons, Standardbred  
Coach Shire and Cleveland Shire, High Acting  
Hunters, and other breeds. Also have  
for sale, from Arch Wilson, who travels over  
the State, a number of Percherons and  
Standardbreds to be found. Address W. H. SMITH,  
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breeders, Lord of the Tower (937), Solway Knight  
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Farm, Argus, and other breeds of horses,  
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Ferguson, Portland, Ionia Co., Proprietor,  
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horses, and Standardbred horses, recorded in French  
Percheron Stud Book. Stock for sale.  
Also breeders of Standardbred horses,  
Standardbred will receive prompt attention.

**G. MART, Lapeer**, breeder of Normand  
and Percheron horse, French-bred Standard  
bred and Galloway Cattle, Hertsfo Stock  
and Chesford Hogs. To fancy prices. ds-17

**E**WOODMAN, Paw Paw, breeder of Percheron Horses. Imp. Duke of Perche, Monarch and Gray Duke in the stud. Stock for sale at all times at moderate prices. Am breeding Shetland ponies and Jersey Red Swine. Come and see or write for what you want.

tered Merino sheep. Imported Trojan 1905 (589) at head of stud. Young stock for sale.

**A. W. HAYDON**, Decatur, Van Buren Co., breeder of fall-blood Percheron horses. At the head of stud is imported Chere, winner of four first prizes and gold medals in France, including a first prize and gold medal at the Universal Exposition of Paris in 1873. Also thoroughbred Merino sheep in Vermont and Michigan registers. Stock for sale.

**JOHN W. FOSTER**, Flint, Genesee Co.,  
breeder and shipper of pure-bred Duroc Jersey  
and swine, registered Atwood Merino sheep  
and Black-breasted Red game fowls. 1928-19

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**CHARLES INMAN**, Avasall, Midland Co.,  
C breeder of thoroughbred Scotch Collies. Shag-  
herd pups from the best of stock for \$3. 1928-19  
pendence solicited. 1928-19

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**"SCOTCH COLLIES."**

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Lords of the Highlands. I am breeding the

late I made several additions to my kennel of culls of superior individual excellence. I have also three of the finest breeding yards of Plymouth Rocks in the west. My Berkshires are hard registered. Send for circular. Address—  
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**POULTRY.**

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**H. M. WATSON**, Maple Grove, Okemos, Ing  
ham County, breeder of Poultry of sixteen  
different strains; also Herefords and Shorthorns;

**J. H. HAYNES**, Decatur, breeder of high class  
J. H. and fancy poultry. Plymouth Rocks, Wyand-  
dottes, Rose and Sing-e-Combed Brown Leghorns.  
Send for illustrated circular. m22-1y

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class Light Brakmas, Langshans, Plymouth  
Rocks, Brown Leghorns, Rouen and Chick ducks,  
Bronze turkeys and Toulouse geese. Chick and  
eggs for sale in season. d3-4m

**MICHIGAN POULTRY FARM**,—W. E. &  
J. S. Phillips, Proprietors, Bait-e Creek,  
Mich. Breeds pure blood poultry, white  
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**\$1.50 to \$3.00 per 15. Write for prices on fowls.**

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Breeder of pure-bred poultry, Langshans,  
Myanties, L. Brahmas, F. Rocks, Turkeys and  
Emden Geese, Pekin and Rouden Ducks,  
Pearl Guineaes. Stock and eggs for sale in their  
season. n11-2m-ap1-41

**PURE PLYMOUTH ROCK EGGS FOR  
HATCHING.**—I can supply them for the  
balance of the season for only \$1 per 13, \$2 per 25,  
from first to the yearlings as in the State; care-  
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## Poetry

## WOULD WE BE WILLING.

Would we be willing, if the summons came  
To countermand this life to live the same  
Once more?  
Say pain and joy, and poverty and wealth,  
Good days and dark days, illnesses and health,  
Lived o'er?  
The new life just as the old one had been;  
To find like friendship and the evil men,  
As yesterday?  
And would it pay? Life, like a play,  
Is rehearsed as we, from day to day—  
But go!  
Not many a play is worthy of recall:  
The actors one by one come on, and curtains fall;  
They go away:  
And shifting scenes, and music long and drear  
Grates on the listener's weary ear.  
We dread the play!  
And so, as children tire of toys and sleep,  
At the close of life comes less and less to keep  
Us here away.  
And then so many that have gone before,  
And carried hopes to a brighter shore,  
Are saying, "Come!"  
Those absent long, with anxious gaze,  
Leading and lighting the darkest ways,  
Would call us home:  
Would we be willing to refuse their prayer?  
Ah, no! Some day we'll greet them there—  
Some day!

—Roe Kirke.

## THE HEATED TERM.

Oh for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers!  
Oh for an iceberg to go to control!  
Oh for a vale that at midday the dew cumbers!  
Oh for a pleasure trip up to the pole!  
Oh for a little one-story thermometer,  
With nothing but zeros all ranged in a row!  
Oh for a big double-armed barometer,  
To measure this moisture that falls from my brow!  
Oh that this cold would be twenty times colder!  
(That's irony red hot it seems to me)  
Oh for a turn of its dreaded cold shoulder!  
Oh what a comfort an ague would be!  
Oh for a grog to tickle heaven,  
Scooped in a rocky under castrant vast!  
Oh for a winter of discontent even!  
Oh for a soda fountain judiciously cast!  
Oh for a wet blanket spouting up boldly  
From every hot lamp-post against the hot sky!  
Oh for a proud maiden to look on me coldly,  
Freezing my soul with the glance of her eye.  
Oh for a draught of a cup of "cold poison!"  
Oh for a resting place in a cold grave!  
Oh for a bath in the Styx, where the thick shadow  
lies on  
And deepens the chill of its dark running wave.

## Miscellaneous.

## 17.

"Life is so dreary, so purposeless now!"  
The woman who said the words leaned  
back in her luxurious arm-chair, and  
buried her face in a costly lace handker-  
chief, whose price was a good three  
months wages of many of the poor mill  
operatives whose lot she sometimes envied  
—the lot of the weary working mothers  
with the rosy cheeks and dimpled eyes.  
Their children lived, her child, her idol,  
died. How cruel fate was when life was  
so beautiful, its future so rose colored, its  
path so soft and sheltered. She was a  
beautiful woman, about 40, dressed in a  
rich, lustrous silk, with rare old lace and  
diamonds. She had known only luxury  
and wealth in her girlhood, and her hus-  
band had with loving care gratified her  
every wish. After ten years of wedlock a  
baby came. Two months ago that blue-  
eyed, fair-haired little girl died after six  
years of life in a happy world to her. Then  
the stricken father and mother closed their  
home and traveled. He having business  
came to Lewiston and they took rooms in  
the best hotel, where they had been two  
weeks.

Lewiston is a busy town for Maine, the  
air is heavy with the black, foul breath of  
the great mill chimneys, and resounds to  
the eternal whirr, hum, and jar of ma-  
chinery. The streets at early dawn and  
early dark are filled with a throng of  
human beings—a tide that is flood at morn-  
ing and ebb at night.

Over the pavements there comes for  
half an hour a patter, a rush like the noise  
of the mills, as regular and monotonous—  
men, women and children—were children  
—ladies are better now. This was years  
ago. The men and women of that genera-  
tion among the working class, or rather  
the factory working class, did not know  
how to read or write. There were too  
many mouths to feed, besides the city was  
full of ignorant emigrants, the refuse  
from other lands.

"Why 'ud the chilun want schoolin'?"  
We never had none. We've lived 'thout  
it," they said sullenly. Their brains were  
dulled and deadened with roar and rattle  
of machinery; their eyes dim with watch-  
ing threads; their hearts, like their hands,  
hardened by six days' toil the year around.

Mrs. Morgan, that lady by birth and  
breeding, cultured and refined, envied the  
working women, why? Ah, mother love  
was in her heart, a yearning for the clasp  
of clinging hands, the tender kisses of a  
little rosy mouth, the pressure of a soft  
cheek.

"What is the tramping in the morning  
at half-past five?" she asked the house-  
keeper.

"The mill hands, mum," that worthy  
answered, proud to be noticed.

"They goes by here to work. The owner  
of the hotel tried to make 'em go an-  
other way, but laws, Merica's a free  
country, 'n if they're workin' creatures,  
they 'as as much right to the sidewalk as  
any of us 'as." The housekeeper was  
communicative.

Early the next morning the tramp be-  
gan and Mrs. Morgan jumped from her  
bed, threw over her shoulders a soft,  
clinging, white cashmere, fairy-like with  
snowdawn, and peered through the  
blinds at the mass of humanity that went  
on, on, on, in hand, eyes looking down-  
ward, bowed heads. Seldom a cheerful  
greeting. She was turning away in weary  
pity, when a merry little laugh struck her  
ear. Oh, that laugh! Through the win-  
dow, above the babel of sound, those  
clear notes, from a child's happy heart, so  
like, so like the little dead child's! The  
mother threw open the blinds and looked  
down. A dozen or twenty small girls

were crossing the street, with dinner pails  
too, for they were workers. It was a  
foggy morning, with the foul, unwashed  
odor of a city's awakening, a cold, gray  
dreariness of earth and sky, but the sun  
peeped out from a cloud slyly and shyly  
as if, the sluggish he was, ashamed of  
lying abed so late, and repentant, half deter-  
mined to throw the cloud bed-clothes  
aside, and get up to work like the rest.  
The ray struck that one little face, and  
brightened the blue eyes and yellow hair.  
She was a very wee thing, a few steps be-  
hind the rest, her legs too short to keep up.  
She held her sunbonnet over her back by  
the strings, and a minute tin pail in her  
hand. She was singing and laughing,  
overflowing with the happy life that even  
the mill could not crush from her nature.  
She looked up to the window, she always  
did, for she had seen at night lovely child-  
ren in the lighted rooms. She did not  
know of heaven, or of happier lots than  
hers. She had no idea of fairy-land, but in  
her own brain she had manufactured a  
story of that house that no older mind  
could interpret. She thought, poor little  
soul, that if she worked good and quick, and  
tended baby afterward at night, she would  
go to the place behind the windows, and  
be one of those children. She only knew  
there had been children at the mill who  
had been good and worked, and who after  
a while came no more. The grown-up peo-  
ple said they were gone to a better world,  
therefore in that big house was the better  
world. She reasoned it all out. She look-  
ed up, and there looking down only two  
stories up, was such a lovely lady, with  
long, golden hair, and all dressed in  
white, and looking at her, yes, actually  
at little Meg Blackman. She dimpled all  
over with happiness, and smiled up at that  
window, and went on her way singing.

"Richard," cried Mrs. Morgan to her  
sleeping husband. "I have seen Margaret,  
in those mill children. I heard her voice,  
her laugh, she smiled at me!"

Then Mrs. Morgan fell into a faint.  
They could not reason with her. She got  
up every morning to see the child. She  
learned to know its step, and the child  
learned to expect the "beauty leddy." One  
day Mrs. Morgan said "Dick" (She called  
him that when the touch of the sweet  
waywardness of her girlhood came back  
and she strove to win him to her will).  
"You thought me under a delusion.  
You fancied I really imagined that child  
our Margaret; I never did. You, yourself,  
were staggered at the likeness. You get  
up often to see that winsome face. Oh,  
it seems as if our Meg pleaded for her.  
We are rich, childless, lonely. Let us  
take her from the toll of the mill, the  
ignorance and vice, to our home, our  
hearts."

He reasoned with her, pleading that the  
child would inherit the vicious qualities  
of her parents, and would be ungrateful,  
even bad. She would not be like her own;  
but his wife conquered, and one day the  
two sought little Meg's home.

Mike's alley was a long, crooked lane,  
leading from Lisbon street. Its architect-  
ural adornments were singular; they were  
built across the alley, over the alley on  
corners, around the alley and tucked into  
corners of the alley; some were portable  
and were frequently moved. No horse or  
vehicle ever invaded the lane, and the  
passageway in many places was only a  
path around a house. Away at the end of  
the alley, built against the big brick wall  
of Bartlett's brewery, between the rear of  
Billy Flynn's stable and Mrs. Finnegan's  
cowyard—where, it is said to mention,  
several emaciated bovines habitually ate  
swill in absolute disregard of the health  
laws and the capacities of their own  
stomachs, was Jeremiah Blackman's  
hovel. He was known as "Shirking  
Ginny," the former from his disinclina-  
tion for manual labor, the latter from his  
strong propensity for ardent spirits. Years  
ago when his father and mother, decent,  
hard working farm folks, had turned him  
out of the home, as a drone that ate up  
their substance, he had taken a bitter  
hatred to the world and to respectable  
people who worked. To know anything  
and to labor were crimes in his eyes. He  
endeavored to forget that he knew how to  
read and write. He spent twenty years of  
his life in getting into jail for petty of-  
fenses and got food and shelter without  
work in this way. When employment was  
introduced into the jails, he ceased his  
peculiations, and improving his personal  
appearance looked about for a woman to  
support him. A lean, hatchet-faced keep-  
er of a mill-men's boarding-house attract-  
ed him, and she married him only to find  
a barnacle with the qualities, in regard to  
money, of an octopus. She cooked, clean-  
ed, scoured and sordled herself out of the  
world in a brief time, leaving "Shirking  
Ginny" to look around for another part-  
ner. There was a big, rosy Welsh girl in  
one of the mills, whose report said was a  
good worker. The small sum left by the  
late Mrs. Blackman was rapidly dwindle-  
ing, so the grief-stricken widower married  
the rosy-cheeked girl, who was a good  
worker. She had one bad fault, however,  
an ambition to swell the census. There  
was Sam, 13; Mick, 10; Ellen and Almira,  
the twins, 8; Meg, 6; Tommy, 5; Jane, 3;  
and Tony, 18 months; and one expected  
the following summer, this being in  
March. Down to Tommy they could all  
work in the mill, and that was something.

While the family were at work, Mr.  
Blackman took care of the house, which  
meant to sit on the cuff smoking a short  
baccy pipe; and to cuff Tommy, Jane and  
Tony at regular intervals, and then to  
stroll down the alley to Mike's saloon  
(this Mike seemed to have a title to all  
the property in the vicinity), and drink if  
he had money; if this was wanting, to  
hang around until he was treated. He  
thought himself a good "managerer," be-  
cause he allowed himself plenty to eat  
and drink, said that his family had barely  
enough to keep them alive—"in good  
working order"—they'd be gettin' lazy of  
fed too high"—and paying the house-  
rent.

The afternoon that Mr. and Mrs. Mor-  
gan picked their way down the alley, Mr.  
Blackman was sunning himself on the  
steps. Tommy and Jane were picking up  
chips in the lumber yard, beyond the cow-  
pen, and Tony had toddled up to the fence  
that guarded Mrs. Finnegan's giant cows,  
and through the bars was trying in his  
baby way to make friends with a somber

cat that straggled about on four rickety  
legs.

"Strangers," soliloquized Mr. Black-  
man, "an' reech uns. Wot on airth brings  
'em here?"

He assumed an air of peaceful poverty,  
his blue eyes leered respectfully, even  
humily; his tobacco-stained mouth droop-  
ed at the corners. He shuffled to his feet  
and blinked inquiringly. The pig, the  
mainstay of the family, ignoring the fact  
that his place was in the rear, peered  
around a corner of the house.

"What a dreadful place!" whispered  
Mrs. Morgan, her face buried in a scented  
handkerchief. Mr. Morgan, mindful of  
the unsavory odor, proceeded at once to  
business.

"You have a child, man?"  
"Wal, yeah; I've sival. There's Sam,  
Mick, Almira 'n' Ellen twins, Meg, Jane,  
'n' Tony, the baby. Considerable fur a  
poor man ez can't wurk on 'count o' rhu-  
matism."

Mr. Morgan looked puzzled.

"Is there not one about six years old, a  
little girl with blue eyes and golden  
curls?" asked his wife, eagerly.

"Yis, marm; that's Meg—Magrit prop-  
er. She's a year older 'n Tom here. Tommy  
and Jane had staggered in under heavy  
loads of chips, and stood regarding the  
strangers with the solemn prolonged  
stars of childhood. "Gitt inter the house,  
chilun! I let em git chips ter amoose  
em, marm," seeing Mrs. Morgan looked  
pityingly at them. The forlorn little  
creatures, wondering why their parent ad-  
dressed them so kindly, wandered aimless-  
ly into the house.

"Margaret," repeated Mrs. Morgan,  
clasping her husband's arm.

"That's the child. Now, man, we'll at-  
tend to my errand here," said Mr. Mor-  
gan. "My wife lost a little girl. She has taken  
a fancy to yours. We will adopt the child  
and bring her up as our own."

"As our own," repeated his wife.

Mr. Blackman looked puzzled.

"How hev yer seen Meg?" he asked,  
thinking that he would beat Meg well for  
not telling of these rich acquaintances.

"Only going past the window," said  
Mrs. Morgan. "I have smiled to her and  
thrown her candies sometimes. I have  
only spoken to her once, one night in the  
street, and she told me she would love me  
and be my little girl. Oh, I am sure you  
will give her to us."

"Give her!" Blackman repeated, im-  
pudently, realizing the lady was deeply  
interested. "No; I haint purposed fur  
that. I've supported her six years, 'n' I'd  
oughter get suthin fur 'er."

"I'll give you \$600, \$100 for each year  
of her life," said Mr. Morgan, impatient-  
ly, seeing through the man's low greed,  
and regretting he ever saw him. "She  
will have a good home. You must, how-  
ever, make her legally mine, and sign  
papers to that effect, and she must be  
brought up in ignorance of her parents  
and brothers and sisters. These are the  
conditions."

Blackman was silent, studying how to  
get the best of the bargain.

"Where is her mother?" said Mr. Mor-  
gan, anxiously.

"To the mill," he answered, "thar  
she comes now." As he spoke, a weary,  
faded-looking woman came up the alley  
with the children, Meg shyly peeping at  
the "beauty leddy" with big blue eyes  
full of trust and love. It was Saturday  
and the mills closed early. Mrs. Morgan  
repeated the offer to the mother, and that  
poor face lighted up.

"Oh, if she could!" she cried, eagerly;  
then she grew pale and terror-stricken.  
The evil eyes of the father were on her.  
"It must be as him sez," she said, trem-  
bling.

"Why didn't yer tell me 'bout this ere  
leddy?" said Blackman, clutching the  
child's shoulder. Mrs. Morgan winced.  
She almost felt Meg was her own.

"I doan wantar, said Meg, without  
flinching, looking fearlessly at him. He  
hated her courage and defiance.

"Can't tell to-day," he said, sullenly.  
"The money's mighty little. Yer reech  
uns is allus tryin' ter git the best o' a poor  
man."

Morgan turned away in disgust. "This  
is Saturday," said he; "we leave Monday.  
Come to the hotel to-morrow night, and  
jet me know. If you agree to our terms  
bring the child."

Then the strangers went away, and after  
they were gone the alley resounded with  
the pitiful cries of little Meg, her soft  
white flesh quivering under a brutal lash.

Sunday evening Mr. and Mrs. Morgan  
waited anxiously for the answer, he silent  
and stern, she pale and exhausted. She  
had cried the livelong night. A servant  
saw Blackman and his wife in. They  
had made some attempt at Sunday attire,  
and the mother wore a faded plaid shawl  
over her worn delaine dress. Her eyes  
were swollen with weeping. They stood  
near the door, abashed and awed by the  
elegance of the room.

"Well," said Morgan curtly, "where  
is the child? I told you I would not  
change my terms. I am not to be trifled  
with."

"She's to home," said Blackman,  
sullenly.

"Why is she not with you?"  
"Wal, it's 't' over. Sex hun'd ain't  
mooch fur yer ter pay; yer reech. Yer'd  
git the best o' me. So I went ter her  
in our neighborhood, 'n' he sed sez thous-  
and was little 'en, 'n' I want less 'n  
that no how."

Morgan breathed hard and fast. He was  
tempted to kick the man down the stairs.  
"We could pay the six thousand," cried  
Mrs. Morgan. "Richard, we will. The  
dear little child."

The mother looked at her with tear-wet,  
grateful eyes. She was like a great ani-  
mal, this poor Welsh woman, yet she had  
mother love in her heart. She would give  
up her life for her children. Her husband  
nudged her. She tried to speak at his  
bidding, but broke into a torrent of sobs,  
hiding her face in her shawl. Mrs. Mor-  
gan got her a chair and stood close to her,  
laying a soft, ringed hand on the plaid  
shoulder.

"She wants ter say," said Blackman,  
deceitfully, "thar she ain't willin' ter hev  
her child brought up 'bove her, nor ter  
know her folks 'n' leetle brothers 'n' sis-  
ters. It haint humin' ner charitable."

If we is poor we hex our feelins. Yer  
kin take Meg by payin' sez thousand; but  
I want give no papers—no line o' writ-  
in. She's mine, 'n' I see it in kin take  
her back. Maybe yer wudn't treat her  
rite, 'n' then I'd hex no redress. Ef you'll  
agree to my terms she kin come."

Morgan sprang across the room, flung  
open the door, and sent him into the pas-  
sage. "Get out, you brute, out of my  
sight, or I'll kick you down the stairs!"

Blackman fled for his life, and bitterly  
did he repent afterward that he had not  
known the man with whom he was deal-  
ing. His wife staggered out. Morgan  
put a five-dollar bill in her hand, and she,  
still weeping in the shawl, followed her  
tyrant.

"No, marm," said Mr. Morgan, sternly,  
to his wife, "I will not consent to an  
other effort—I will not deal with him. It  
is useless; he would dog our steps, extort  
money, and make our very lives a burden.  
I have seen his kind before. Think if  
you had the child and had learned to love  
it, and he took her away."

They gave Mrs. Morgan an opiate that  
night, for she was delirious and hysterical  
over this second bereavement, and she  
slept beyond the hour of the tramping  
feet, and did not see the little wistful,  
upturned face. In the evening, when she  
sat in the Pullman car waiting for the  
train to start, she saw Meg and her moth-  
er on the platform looking up at her.  
They had stolen away in the darkness.  
She saw them through blinding tears. She  
opened the window and flung down her  
purse, and detached from her watch chain  
a little blue locket (it had been her baby's),  
and dropped it into Meg's outstretched  
hand. That was all, for the train started,  
and to her wild appeal to take the child,  
to steal it, her husband turned a deaf  
ear.

Twelve years later they came back to  
Lewiston. They had traveled the world  
over, and perhaps the old sorrows were  
without sting. In deep heart-wounds,  
however, time and change form but a  
crust, at the core is ever the quiver and  
pain, and to this a chance thrust still may  
penetrate. Mr. Morgan went out to hunt  
for Meg. He wished to tell his wife that  
she was happy. A big building stood on  
the site of the Blackmans' home, but some  
one directed him to a similar hovel, and  
there they were, decrepit and helpless,  
but vicious still, his wife a haggard wreck.

They lived with the eldest son, who had  
married, and the dirty children about the  
door might still be the little Tommy,  
Jane and Tony, and there was even a pig  
inquisitively peeping around a corner of  
the house.

"You see arskin fur Meg," shrilly an-  
swered a young woman, the son's wife.  
"She's gone ter the bad, up in a house  
on—street; flirts in her silks 'n' satins,  
the huzzy."

"Curse yer," shrieked the mother,  
"yer druv her to 'er, 'n' 'er feyther!"  
Then old Jeremiah hobbled in.

"No, we never," he quavered; "it's  
him as is arskin done it. Ef he'd took  
her, she'd be a good gal now 'n' a doin'  
fur me sted o' me starvin' here. He's ter  
blame."

Mr. Morgan walked sadly away. He  
wondered if he was indeed to blame, and  
how he might have done differently.

That night a beautiful, wretched, paint-  
ed woman stole under the windows of the  
hotel, and looked up to a window. She  
remembered her childhood, and her poor  
old mother had told her the lady was there.  
As she looked the curtain parted. She  
saw a sweet face in the back-ground of  
light, a face framed in silver hair. Those  
eyes could not see her in the darkness as  
she saw to the light, yet the lady too re-  
membered.

Hot tears rushed to the girl's tearless  
eyes; her brain whirled. Clutching the  
locket in her bosom she hurried to the  
river, the deep, dark, rushing river that  
turned the mills, the artery that fed the  
life of the town.

"Oh, curse them all, that they did not  
give me to her. Curse God and life!" she  
cried, in bitter agony, and crept down to  
the stream. A man caught her and held  
her fast.

"David!" she said slyly.

He was only a workman, but he had  
loved her from a little lad, when he had  
shared his dinner with her, and protected  
her from her brutal old father's wrath.

"Yes, Meg, I followed you. I knowed  
they was here. Your ma told me. I see  
you to the hotel; I followed you here."

"What do you want?" she cried angri-  
ly; "you shouldn't even speak to me  
now."

"To marry you, Meg," he said, quietly.  
"I allus loved you. I do now. I'll work  
for you, an' protect you from all the  
world 'n' the wicked tongues."

"You'd marry me now?" in an awe-  
struck whisper.

"Yes, Meg," simply, honestly, in manly  
love and faith.

"David," she sobbed, "forgive me. I  
am not fit. Let me die, drown there,  
wash out my sins in the fierce water!"

"I'd drown you, too, then," he answered,  
in his humbly loving way. "Let me try  
to help you. Come to my home, Meg, as  
my wife."

With a heart-breaking cry she flung  
herself into his arms, and he steadied her,  
soothed the wild grief, and led her to his  
poor home, yet in its poverty was a tender  
shelter, in his lone protection from the  
world.

Mr. Morgan did not tell his wife till  
long after they had gone from Lewiston,  
and bitterly did he regret it afterwards, for  
she grew so sad and silent. In ten years  
he died, and his widow went back once  
more to Lewiston. She employed a detec-  
tive to look for Margaret Blackman, ten  
years ago a woman of the town. The  
parents were long dead, and no one knew  
of her. One night a servant came and  
said a poor looking man wished to speak  
to her. She bade her bring him up, and  
a slight, middle-aged man, prematurely  
stooped, came in. His face was pale, as  
were all the mill operatives; his long  
brown hair and beard were streaked with  
gray, and there were hollows in his cheeks  
and under the big brown eyes that were  
so pathetic in their sadness. It was the  
face of a man who had known only sor-  
row and toil. He was neat-looking but  
his clothes were old and much worn. He

stood near the door—he would not sit  
down—and twirled his old hat in his hand.  
"My name is David Bertram, marm.  
You was askin' for Margaret Blackman,  
wasn't you?"

"Oh, I was," said Mrs. Morgan, eager-  
ly. "I would do anything in this world  
for her."

"She don't want ennythin' of this world  
now," he answered, quietly; "she's dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes, marm, nearly ten years. We  
was married only a month. We got mar-  
ried that night you was last here. I'd  
allus loved her, marm, an' no matter what  
she said, she was good and true, only led  
astray as young girls of 'n is. She was a  
lovin' wife to me—he choked, and brush-  
ed his hat, looking down on the carpet—  
"a lovin' wife, but sorter tired of life,  
weary, wantin' to go. She sorter faded  
an'—an' went in a month."

Mrs. Morgan's tears were falling, too.  
"I would—I wanted to take her. I  
could not. Oh, my life would have been  
so happy, so much better. My husband  
is dead. I loved him. I would not say  
one word of reproach, but if he had done  
differently in this—"

"I dunno as he could," said David,  
respectfully, "seem' as who he had to  
deal with, but his part was done. She  
was buried with the little locket on her breast,  
and wished me to say to you, marm, if I  
ever seed you, how she was grateful for  
the interest you'd took in her and how  
you made her childhood a bit happier, and  
it was a uncommon sad childhood she  
had, too, an' she wanted me to say as how  
heaven didn't seem so fur off 'n' so unfor-  
givable to her when she died—she said  
she'd been a sinner, marm, which she  
wasn't, only being led astray, an' she was  
so young—for your little gal was there as  
she had looked like when a little in-  
nocent child, an' she thought she would  
speak a good word for her."

"Can I do nothing for you?" sobbed  
Mrs. Morgan; "you are so kind to tell  
me this."

"Thankee, marm, but no. I'm com-  
fortable fixed, an' she's got a good grave-  
stone," he added, with conscious pride,  
"an' it would go hard if you wanted to  
alter that, for I had happiness in working  
to buy her the best, but I'd be grateful,  
indeed, if you'd lay a few posies on her  
grave, that you remember her kindly.  
I'm night watchman to the mills an' I  
must go. Good night."

He was gone before she could clasp his  
honest hand.

She wandered dreadingly to the window  
where she had seen the child years ago;  
that wistful, bonnie face, the eyes of her  
sister Margaret. Bitter memories  
swept over her; the sadness, the sorrow  
of the past, the heart-breaking loneliness  
of the present, the misty future. If life  
had been better, kinder to her. If there  
had been no stumbling block. "If" was  
the watchword of her fate; and Meg, her  
own child, and Meg, her heart adopted  
child, were both in eternal sleep under  
the stars.—Patience Thornton, in *The Cur-  
rent*.

Intensive American Children.

As water will not run higher than its  
source, so the character of a school will  
not be stronger than the force which is  
resident in the head and his masters.

Yet a man of less weight than Arnold or  
a Benson may by tact and careful atten-  
tion to the examples and dicta of great  
school-masters, raise his school to a high  
standard of moral excellence. The first  
step toward its attainment is a clear un-  
derstanding of the relative positions of  
the master and the boy. This is more  
needing of definition on this side of the  
Atlantic than the other.

Here, children are obnoxiously intru-  
sive, their familiarity of address, their  
shocking want of reverence, their patent  
insubordination, may all be traced to the  
wrong relationship in which the child  
stands, first to its parent, then to its mas-  
ter. Life is started under the supposition  
that the child is on a par with its elders;  
reasons are carefully given for the orders  
which it is expected to obey. If it does  
wrong, it is reasoned with all the all-  
gravity and seriousness which would be  
used to a full-grown individual.

It is sent to school, here it takes up cer-  
tain subjects. Text books are placed in  
its hands which are reduced to its com-  
prehension. Difficulties are carefully  
eliminated by the manufacturers of these  
books, most probably because these  
authors are themselves incapable of mas-  
tering them.

The arithmetic is finished. The child  
says it is "through arithmetic," or  
"through algebra," or even "through  
history." It very naturally supposes that  
what it has done is all the subject affords.  
And that the great men it reads of, whose  
names are known for mathematical dis-  
tinction, knew, perhaps, a little more,  
but not very much more than what it had  
just "got through."

I met, the other day, a mother with her  
daughter, a distingue young miss of  
twelve or thirteen. I was introduced to  
her, in which process she behaved with  
all the gravity of a Duchess. She was  
just home from a school with the high-  
sounding title of "University," and I was  
informed, as a proof of her superior in-  
telligence, and I also presume of the pow-  
ers of the University, that she:

"Had finished algebra in less than six  
months!"

I replied that indeed the performance  
was extraordinary, for I had given con-  
siderable attention to the same study for  
some twenty-five years, and I felt I had  
probably mastered about one-third of the  
subject. I saw, as we parted, that the  
estimate which she had held of my men-  
tal capabilities fell to zero, and that the  
damsel felt herself considerably above me,  
at any rate as far as algebra was con-  
cerned.

I asked a little girl of eleven years the  
other day, what she was doing. She had  
just finished



## WHAT TO WRITE IN AN ALBUM.

The truly generous is the truly wise;  
And who lives not others lives unblest.

—Horne.

May then work with boldness and with speed;  
Go greatest actions greatest dangers lead.

—Barlowe.

To fear no ill, to do no wrong to all men, to prove true, this is the golden rule of life; let it be so to you.

Oh, how bright a thing it is to look  
Into happiness through another man's eyes.

—Shakespeare.

Beauty of life the test—  
Lure to the heart, to heaven, the rest.

—Sprengle.

Hearts, like doors, can open with ease,  
To very, very little keys.

And don't forget that they're these:  
"I thank you, sir," and "If you please."

—Mrs. Hale.

"The beauty that doth make a woman proud,  
The virtue that doth make her most admired,  
The modesty that makes her seem divine,  
Count that day lost whose low descending sun  
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

—Mrs. Hale.

Of all the gifts which Heaven bestows  
There is one above all measure,  
And that a friend midst all our woes,  
A friend is found a treasure.

—Mrs. Hale.

A sweet heart lifting cheerfulness,  
Like springtime of the year,  
Seems ever on your steps to wait.

—Mrs. Hale.

Friend is a crown; if true he'll never leave thee.  
To both without a touchstone may decide thee.

—Mrs. Hale.

All who joy would win,  
Must share it—happiness was born a twin.

—Byron.

Our sensibilities are so acute,  
The fear of being silent makes us mute.

—Couper.

My happiness has not her seat and centre in the  
heart,  
It may be wise, or rich, or great, but never can  
be blessed.

—Burns.

I would not waste my spring of youth  
In idle dalliance; I would plant rich seeds  
To blossom in my manhood, and bear fruit  
When I am old.

—Hilhouse.

Life is long which answers life's great end,  
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name.  
The man of wit does the man of years.

—Young.

Good actions crown themselves with lasting days,  
Who deserves well, needs not another's praise.

—Plautus.

Successes that color all in life;  
Successes make sad, make glad, make villainous hon-  
or.

—Thomson.

Tim Fagan's Collection.

"You talk of deputy sheriffs being as  
much on the make," said an indignant  
member of that august body to a New  
Herald reporter, as he closed a bar-  
gaining with a creditor. "Why, we are most  
of the time victims—absolute victims—of  
deceit and duplicity of the people  
outside. There, it was only the  
day that I was badly bit myself. A  
show up town owned an even hun-  
dred. He gave me a little palaver once or  
twice to stare off the collection, and I  
took it all. But pretty soon I saw that he  
was on the beat and I went for him. It  
wasn't any good. He was a cute file—  
always out when I called—never to be  
seen, and he worried me. He worried me  
to death, not on account of the money, but  
I hated to be played so slick.

"Well, I made up my mind I'd make  
him miserable anyhow, and I got hold  
of one of the fellows that loaf around  
the place—Tim Fagan—and a sharp one he is.  
After there was one, 'Tim,' says I, 'I've  
hundred to collect from a man. Now, I  
want you to take the job. Stick to him, and  
grab him thick and thin. Don't let up, and  
tell you what I'll do. If you can col-  
lect him, I'll give you half the hundred.'

"Away went Tim, and he stuck to that  
show, he did. He was there morning,  
noon, and night. It was no sneaking  
through back-yards or trying any other  
trick. Tim was up to all of them, and he  
told that fellow as he wished he'd  
never been born. At last he tackled Tim.  
Tim says: 'Look here. You ought to  
be a pretty slick of this. I am. Now, tell  
me how much you take to come off?'

"He thought it over. He saw there was  
a fellow in the fellow still. 'Well,' says  
Tim, 'give me fifty and I'll let you go.' The  
show made good, and Tim went away.

"He didn't show up any more, though. It  
was only the other day I met him.

"Hello!" said I. "How did you make  
out with that bill?"

"Oh! but he's the hard old file,"  
said Tim.

"But did you collect?" says I.

"Well," says Tim, quite cool and busi-  
ness-like. "I collected my half of the  
show. But, faith, I think there'll be  
the devil's own work collecting yours."

—Tim Fagan.

Anecdotes of Grant.

Grant had no fear of responsibility, no  
fear of Secretary Stanton. I never knew  
him to show fear of anything. In Septem-  
ber, 1864, while at Harper's Ferry, return-  
ing from a visit to Sheridan, he learned  
that Wade Hampton had slipped in, in  
the left flank of the Army of the Potomac,  
and carried off our entire beef  
herd, 2,000 head.

When Secretary Stanton heard of the  
loss of the cattle, he wanted somebody's  
name, and telegraphed:

"Who is responsible for the loss of the  
cattle?"

To which Grant replied:

"I am."

There was no "hair raised" that time.  
For several days afterward the "rebs,"  
with much "moaning" and "howling,"  
were frequently called out.

"Hello, Yanks, don't you want some  
more?"

While this was going on, the "old  
man" would jokingly say:

"I have the best commissary in the  
army; he not only feeds my army, but  
that of the enemy also."

It was only a few months after this that  
he directed the same officer at Appomattox  
to feed General Lee's famishing army.

When shortly after this loss Sheridan  
made a big haul of stock in "the valley,"  
Grant felt better. Though the ani-  
mals were not so large, nor in such  
good condition as ours, they were in such  
numbers and of such size as to stop John-  
ny's mouth.

On the morning of the day the army

captured Petersburg, Grant stopped to  
write a dispatch, leaning against one of  
the few fences left standing, near a house,  
the upper part of which had been aban-  
doned by the women and children. These  
had taken refuge in the cellar, and were  
crying from fear, as the house was being  
crushed by the confederate artillery.

The writer stood near the General,  
thinking, between the shots, that it was  
no place for him, but not seeing how he  
could leave while the Lieutenant-General  
remained. When Grant had finished his  
dispatch, looking round, and apparently  
appreciating for the first time what a hot  
place he was in, he quietly said:

"I see no use in staying here," and  
moved off, very closely followed by his  
staff, to a place where an unoccupied man  
could feel cooler.—*Ex-Staff Officer, in  
Boston Traveller.*

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under him and bring him safely out of  
the water.

There is no great art in catching a lake  
trout when he once gets a glimpse of your  
hook. They are very voracious and gen-  
erally bound to have that bait. If you do  
not hook the fellow firmly at first, and he  
slips off while you are reeling him in, he  
almost always seizes the bait again before  
you can pull in your line. The most criti-  
cal time is when you have drawn him al-  
most to the land net and have perhaps  
three yards of line out. Then is when he  
employs all his resources in struggling to  
elude you and plays every one of his  
trumps. You must keep a tight line but  
not pull too hard on him. A little expe-  
rience teaches you how to land a trout,  
but coolness and patience are indispensa-  
ble.

Sometimes a nervous pair of hands lose  
a trout after he is in the landing net. I  
saw a clergyman, who was fishing on the  
lake, have a narrow escape. He had un-  
hooked a trout, and the fish was slipping  
through his hands at an alarming rate. The  
person desperately caught the trout's tail  
between his teeth, with a sudden duck-  
ing of his head and I was glad to see the  
fish hanging from his mouth—saved.

—Mrs. Hale.

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ment stunned. I jumped into the group  
with an exultant war-whoop, and one of  
the rebels answered my whoop by throw-  
ing his coffee in my face and sending the  
cup after it. This blinded me and enraged  
me to such an extent that I jumped at  
him intent to choke him. We clinched,  
and I think of all the scrambles that ever  
I had in my life that was the worst. It  
was a rough-and-tumble bear fight, and  
we were at it when the rebels threw down  
their arms. The officers parted us with a  
good many jokes and laughs, and I got  
up with the resolve that I would lick that  
fellow if I had to die for it.

But it so happened that our battalion  
was detailed to take these prisoners to  
Bridgeport, and in the long marches I  
got well acquainted with my antagonist,  
and we became friends. In crossing the  
pontoon bridge at Bridgeport the prison-  
ers and guards were in great glee, and  
in defiance of orders,



